

EXHIBIT I

Moritz Lamp

Ruppach-Goldhausen

April 7, 2021

RE: Character letter for Ruben Weigand

Your Honor,

I write this letter in support of my close friend Ruben Weigand. My name is Moritz Lamp. I am 39 years old, married for 11 years and working as a consultant for TÜV Rheinland, one of the largest testing and certification companies in Europe. My wife and I live in a small village in Germany with my 93-year-old aunt, who we are caring for as she is in an advanced stage of dementia.

I grew up in a humble Catholic family in the German countryside. I have two older brothers and we were not well-off. I started working in high school to pay for clothes and even books and school fees since money was tight at home.

Ruben and I became friends in 8th grade. He is one of my oldest, closest friends who I sincerely love and respect. For as long as I know him, he has always been kind, generous, considerate and reliable, in the truest sense of these words. Those traits have never changed since I met him as a boy.

The story from our past that best illustrates this was how Ruben helped me to land AND survive a summer job. I was 17 and really needed the money to finance my driver's license. Unfortunately, there was nothing in our rural neighborhood within walking distance. Ruben's father knew the owner of a nearby clay mine, the only remaining industry in our region, and so Ruben helped me to get a job there. The working conditions were extremely dirty, hot and tough. My job was to shovel clay debris back onto the conveyor belt. After Ruben heard from me how hard it was, three days later, he started working there alongside me, so it would be more bearable. Despite how incredibly tough this job was, it was the best summer of my life. I still remember how we spent the evenings counting the blisters on our hands while joking about different shovel models and inventing a groundbreaking shovel with a soft handle – the GX25. I bet he still remembers that abbreviation too, even though this must be 22 years ago.

Soon after getting his driver's license, Ruben started driving me to and back from school, making huge detours of 30 minutes each way. Sometimes he even had to wait for my class to finish for up to two hours. Before that my entire way to school and back took me three hours each day as there were no busses, only few train connections each day and on top around 6 miles walk. He never even accepted a single cent from me. He selflessly acted as my "school bus" every weekday without break for more than two years until we left school.

When I was in university, my girlfriend from 11th grade broke up with me. I was devastated and got really depressed. To help me cope with that, Ruben brought me to parties every weekend

so I could meet someone new. I can never repay him – by that I do not mean the cost of the rides – but that he was always the driver, meaning no drinks for him at the party. I actually always felt bad about this but he would always brush it off whenever I apologized.

Now I am sitting here crying because he was always such a good friend to me, never asked anything from me in return, ever and now where he must be in need of a friend, I cannot even be around to visit... I can only imagine how hard it must be for him not to be around for his family and friends during the pandemic.

I hope I could give some insight on why Ruben is such an important person in my life and why I consider him my best friend and brother from another mother.

Thank you for your time, your Honor. Please let me know if you have any questions or if there is anything I can do to help.

Sincerely,

Moritz Lamp

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "M. Lamp".